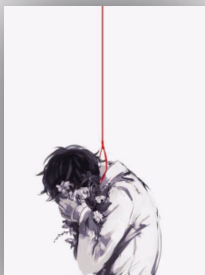




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# Good morning Mylo Heather

[good](#) [morning](#)

18 0 1

**Chapter 1** by Neolillz *I'm tired of crying**I'm tired of yelling**I'm tired of being sad**I'm tired of pretending**I'm tired of being alone**I'm tired of being angry**I'm tired of being alone**I'm tired of feeling crazy**I'm tired of feeling stuck**I'm tired of needing help**I'm tired of remembering**I'm tired of missing things**I'm tired of feeling worthless**I'm tired of feeling empty inside**I'm tired of not being able to just let go**I'm tired of dreaming of a life I will never have**I'm tired of wishing I could start over**But most of all, I'm tired of being tired**Goodbye**XOXO*[See more of Story Wars](#)[Login](#)

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## Mylo Heather

Mylo Heather was dead. He'd been his own death. He'd died a painful death via hanging. Everyone knew he'd hung himself. It was quite obvious. Although, what happened to Mylo after he died was interesting.

Mylo awoke in a blindingly bright room. The walls were white and the floor was white. They seemed to omit a light too, making things all the brighter. He sat up and looked around. Then there was a voice.

"Good morning Mylo Heather"

Was this heaven?

Or was it Hell...

## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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